the real hula-hula dance and the lovely girls of the South Seas. You can book a seat by telephoning from your restaurant or hotel. You will deserve what you get*

Poor little Papeete ! They dub her, the writers and visitors, the " Paris of the South Seas/' God forbid, but if you want a Paris in the South Seas go to Papeete and deserve what you get. That is, of course, what most tourists do want, and to do the masters of the place fair justice the chief ingredients are provided. Papeete is the only town in ten thousand miles of ocean—fortunately.

Papeete wears her unnatural dress as well as ever she can. Papeete is well lied about, and she has a veil which the lies prevent most visitors from lifting. Papeete is dear enough to me to make her outraging a sorrow, but she is also dear enough to be something of a shame. I would sooner live anywhere in the island than in Papeete,

but of the world's provincial towns that I know, I would sooner live in Papeete. Papeete clusters on a bay at the foot of hills with a wonderful sheet of lagoon before her and she never ceases trying to subdue those who would prostitute her. She flings creepers